

MUELLER FOLLOWS HIS WIFE.

The Second Victim of Trichinosis Within Three Days.

Cheap East-Side Meat Markets to be Thoroughly Inspected.

Bread trichinosis claimed its second victim three days ago, at St. Francis's Hospital, 609 East Fifth street, early this morning, when Karl Mueller, of 530 East Sixteenth street, died here in great agony.

His wife, Johanna, died in the same institution Monday last from bronchial pneumonia, accompanied by trichinosis, as the autopsy performed by Dr. Siefert, the visiting physician of the hospital, showed.

A microscopic examination proved the presence of a countless number of trichinae in her system. The muscular tissue of the arms and thighs was eaten away by the parasites, and the heart and other portions of the body were swarmed with trichinae, live specimens of the deadly animalcule.

It was at first thought that Mueller and his wife were sick with the grip, but Dr. Siefert's clever diagnosis soon convinced him that he had two far more serious cases to handle.

He treated the Muellers for trichinosis, and when Mrs. Mueller died, the autopsy proved the correctness of his judgment.

Dr. Siefert reported the matter at once to the Board of Health, and sent to Dr. Cyrus Dixon, Chief of the Bureau of Contagious Diseases, a cross section of Mrs. Mueller's heart, swimming with thousands of the deadly animalcules. The trichinae, which are a pale yellowish color, pointed like a needle, at both ends.

"Trichinosis is fortunately a rare disease," said Dr. Dixon in this morning's "World." "In question are the first we have had in New York in three or four years. I have ordered the meat market to make a thorough investigation of the case."

"I understand that the meat which the Muellers ate was bought in Union West Market, corner of Sixteenth and Avenue B. It was a low grade of beef, a cold piece, mixed with pork in order to give it a plump flavor."

"The meat may not have been diseased, and yet be as unhealthy as if it had been. The beef is called cow beef. It has a great deal of muscular tissue, which absorbs water, and being mixed with water is quite heavy in weight. In this way the consumer really pays as much for the a tainted article as he would for a fine one."

"If a cold piece of beef don't absorb water, and the cheap butcher don't keep it for sale, I am informed that the Muellers were the first to eat it. I will go to the market and see if the meat is as good as it is said to be. That accounts for their case, I think."

"But don't you think, doctor, that if the meat sold to the Muellers was infected with trichinosis, the children of the Mueller and others who partook of it will be taken sick with the dread disease too?" asked the reporter.

"We may hear of other cases yet," replied the doctor. "In the meantime every precaution will be taken to prevent the sale of more infected meat. I will go to the market and see if the meat is as good as it is said to be. That accounts for their case, I think."

"Mr. and Mrs. Mueller were taken rather sick April 17 after they had eaten a combination of raw beef, pork and onions. They were poor, and free help under the care of the neighbors for a week they were sent to St. Francis Hospital."

"The children, aged six and one year, were taken care of by a kind neighbor, but when the father and mother grew worse, and the doctors said there was no chance of their recovery, the poor little ones were turned over to the care of the Children Aid Society."

Mueller was a tailor and earned just enough to support his family.

Mrs. Mueller frequently spoke of the cheap meat she could buy, and the family's meals consisted principally of raw beef, pork and onions, from the cheap butcher shop.

Mueller, like his wife, died suffering terribly, both mentally and physically, for they

both knew that their bodies were alive with animalcules, which meant certain death.

Mueller said that the meat his wife bought came from the butcher shop, corner Avenue B and Sixteenth street, which is the Union West Market.

An Evening World reporter who called there this morning had a narrow escape from being thrown into the chopper and being in the same way as the Muellers.

It is none of our business whether the proprietor remembered having sold infected meat to the Muellers.

It is none of our business whether we sell a diseased individual who was not all over, face, nose, hair, hands and even feet, in a few days.

The Board of Health, however, will make it its business to see that the meat is safe.

Dr. Siefert will make an autopsy on the body of Mueller this afternoon. He has had experience in trichinosis cases before, two of them, several years ago, came from the same neighborhood as the Muellers.

CHERRY HILL'S BIG BLAZE.

The Old Sailors' Exchange Building Guttered This Morning.

Cherry Hill, in the vicinity of Pike and Market streets, was treated to a most extraordinary fire on the morning of May 13.

The big brown stone fronted edifice, known as the Sailors' Exchange, at 187 and 189 Cherry street, and once a primary school, is practically a wreck, but thanks to the vigorous efforts of the firemen a more extensive and disastrous fire, involving the mammoth Becker flour mill, which adjoins it, was averted.

At the time of the fire the Sailors' Exchange was occupied by a number of firms. It was a tall four-story brick building, occupying fifty feet frontage on Cherry street and extending through into Water street about two hundred feet.

It was built by the Seamen's Association of this city at a cost of \$100,000 as a home for sailors, and on Water street it was bonded on the north by the Becker Mill and by a machine shop on the south.

On Cherry street a four-story tenement flanked its upper side, while a sailors' boarding-house stood on the lower side. Above these towered the Sailors' Exchange, and the firms occupying it were W. H. Roberts, the Hardware Company, William Wood, the Florence Soap Company, and Druggists Lehn & Fink, of 128 William street.

It is owned by W. H. Young, of 361 Myrtle avenue, Brooklyn.

Policeman F. Fred C. Williamson, of the Madison street station, discovered the fire at 3:15 A. M. when he saw a light in the second story window on Cherry street.

When the firemen came they found the flames burning fiercely on the second floor. Three alarms were struck at 3:15, when it became apparent that the fire was making headway.

The police drove out the occupants of the building, as it was in danger of catching fire. Becker's mill was protected by its thick walls.

The flames spread rapidly through the second story and made their appearance at the Water street end of the building. They were then turned to the third and fourth stories and burned through the roof.

A 5:00 o'clock fire was under control, but it was not out until 7 o'clock.

The three upper floors were gutted, and the roof on Cherry street burned off. The lower part of the building was gutted. The fire was then turned to the third and fourth stories and burned through the roof.

The total loss is estimated at \$60,000, \$30,000 of which falls upon the owner of the building, W. H. Young, who lost his life in the fire.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

George K. A., the engineer, left the building at 8 o'clock and everything was then all right.

The police had some trouble with a number of drunken sailors in the lower part of the fire. They refused to leave and had to be taken out by force.

BEST HAD TWO LIVING WIVES.

One in Manhattanville and Another in Brooklyn.

He Tried to Take a Third in Chicago, and Will Be Tried for Bigamy.

W. H. Best is but twenty-five years old, yet he has two living wives and got himself into the clutches of the law in seeking to form a third matrimonial alliance.

He will arrive in New York from Chicago in a day or two to answer to an indictment for bigamy in the Brooklyn Court of Sessions.

Best is a handsome young man with beautiful blue eyes, a dashing blonde mustache and dashing ways. He has been bookkeeper for Ellinger & Co., of 282 Madison street, Chicago, since last October.

Addie Brule, a pretty little brunette of eighteen years, was also employed in the office, and presently she and the dashing bookkeeper were billing and cooing like two turtle doves, and Best was waiting for his evening at her home, the house of her brother-in-law, George St. George, in Chicago's famous West Side Grove.

Brother George didn't like his prospective brother-in-law and instituted an investigation, which satisfied him that Best was already matrimonially entangled in New York, the nephew of which was that Richard Tone Pettit, a clerk in the law office of Condit Brothers, in William street, received March 1st, a letter for Miss K. Pettit, a retired dressmaker, living at 30 Lawrence street, Manhattanville.

Best is the son of Foreman Samuel Best, of 303rd Street, Manhattanville, to which Eleanor's father had formerly belonged.

The marriage was performed by Rev. Father R. J. O'Gorman, in the rectory of the church of St. Joseph of Lima, in this city, and the couple returned to the Pettit house to supped for forgiveness and board.

They got both for several years, and four children were born to the couple. But last summer the youthful husband and father began to be neglected by his family. He was away for a week or a month at a time, alleging that he was a traveling salesman for Tefft, Weller & Co., the Broadway merchant.

But his alleged salary was so small that he was able to furnish only \$3 or \$4 a month to his family, and finally he ceased coming home at all, sending these small amounts by mail.

Best was a member of the Hudson Boat Club of Manhattanville, and one day another member of the club called at the home of Humphrey Jones, in North Second street, Brooklyn, with a message for Best, who he had been told, boarded there.

A charming young woman of nineteen answered his ring at the door. She was wearing a soft, brown hair and a pleasant manner. She started the boatman by replying to his query, "Mr. Best is not at home, but I am his wife and will take your message."

"I am not a wife," replied the young woman by returning.

"That can't be, for Best has a wife and four children in Manhattanville."

W. H. Best, who is now in Chicago, was then told that there was a scene. He went immediately to Manhattanville to see Mrs. B. at No. 1, and a divorce suit was started by her.

When Best arrived in New York, he was told that he was very ill.

Dr. Beardsley, of 101 Taylor street, who was called, found that Mr. Vander Cook was suffering from lead poisoning. Under his pillow was a three ounce bottle half filled with lead.

He died yesterday.

LOCKED UP A POLICEMAN.

Officer Cornelius Roe Acquitted of Stealing a Bottle of Milk.

He Is Held, Though, for Drawing a Pistol on Roundman Conboy.

Cornelius Roe, a patrolman of the East Sixty-seventh street squad, was a prisoner in his own station this morning, charged with stealing.

Roundman Conboy arrested him while he was on patrol on Third avenue. Roe, it is charged, drew his revolver and threatened to shoot the roundman. He was arrested, however, and lodged in a cell.

Numerous complaints have been made to Capt. Gannon recently, that bottles of milk have been stolen from in front of Frederick H. Withers's milk store, at 1197 Third avenue.

Roe was on that post, and he was instructed to try and arrest the thieves. He made no arrests, however, and bottles of milk continued to disappear from morning to morning.

Roundman Conboy was on the west side of Third avenue at 3:40 this morning, when he saw Roe, who was on the other side of the avenue, acting in a suspicious manner.

Withers's store is between Sixty-ninth and Seventieth streets and Roe was in front of it.

Conboy says he saw Roe take a bottle of milk out of a box which had been left in front of Withers's place and put it in his coat pocket.

Conboy crossed over and accused Roe of stealing the milk. Roe denied it, and it is said by Conboy called the roundman a liar and other vile names.

Conboy told Roe that he would have to go to the station-house, and accompanied him to the station-house, where he was locked up.

Conboy made no effort to take Roe in forcibly, the latter having the advantage with his revolver. Conboy walked quietly away from Roe, leaving him in the corner.

Conboy went to the station-house, which is only a few doors from the corner in Sixty-seventh street, and reported to Sergt. McIlroy what had occurred. Policeman Farrell was sent out with Conboy, and they arrested Roe on the corner.

Conboy had put up his revolver, and he was taken back to the station, where Roundman Conboy made charges of larceny and felonious assault against him. He denied the charges, and he was put in a cell.

When Roe was arraigned in Court this morning, Justice L. A. Smith said that he had never seen Roe before, and he was a stranger to him.

He positively denied having stolen the bottle of milk. There was no evidence against him except the statement of the roundman, and Justice Ryan said that as he could not find any other evidence, he would let Roe go.

Roe was taken back to the station-house, and he was charged with drawing a pistol on Roundman Conboy, and assaulting upon his superior.

At 10 o'clock he was taken before Acting Inspector Hyman at Police Headquarters. He was in the custody of Capt. Gannon and Roundman Conboy.

Policeman Cornelius Roe is thirty-two years old. He is married and lives at 125 East One Hundred and Third street. He was dismissed from the force about a year ago, after six years' service, for being off post, but was recently reinstated by order of the court. He is said to have borne a good character as a sober, reliable officer.

WHITE PLAINS IS AGITATED.

The Alleged Elopement of Oscar Clapp Causes a Sensation.

Annas & Co., the Produce Exchange brokers, are minus a \$500 a week bookkeeper; Mrs. Jennie Taylor Clapp, of White Plains, is minus a husband, and Tremont has lost a pretty school-teacher—Miss McNamara—to say nothing of the loss of a leading member by the Young Men's Republic Club and the well-known Clapp, of White Plains.

All White Plains society is agitated over the alleged elopement of Oscar Clapp and Miss McNamara, who was, until recently, a teacher in Grammar School No. 13 in East Eleventh street and lived in Tremont.

Miss McNamara was brought up in Fordham, she is a graduate of the Normal College. Clapp is forty years old, a good dresser and handsome. He has a wife, two sons, aged nineteen and sixteen years, respectively, and a little daughter. Miss McNamara is twenty-eight years old and a prepossessing brunette.

He has been a leading member of White Plains society and resided in a handsome house in Broadway, in that village. He has been an active churchman and has held places of honor and trust. He was for several years a deputy in the Westchester County Register's office, and for the past six years he has been chief bookkeeper of Annas & Co., who own extensive grain elevators and have an office in the Produce Exchange.

Last Saturday evening Clapp boarded a train boarded a train at the Grand Central Station, with tickets for Minneapolis, Minn., and Miss McNamara was seen on the same train.

Mrs. Clapp, who is quite prosaically by her husband's disappearance, and has been ill in bed since Saturday, will say only that Mr. Clapp went away last Monday morning, and that the first of the world knows as much as she is, and she is quite sure of it.

Mr. Clapp's mother visited Annas & Co.'s office Saturday to inquire for her son, and she learned that he had not been at the office since Wednesday.

It was said by the gossips that Mrs. Clapp discovered her recent husband some months ago through a message that came to her home addressed to him. He was absent and she opened the message. It read:

"Mrs. Clapp, I desire your friends at her home in East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street, at once."

It was said that Mrs. Clapp, who was not in the office this morning, but his partner Mr. Mason, said that Mr. Clapp knew the about his wife's elopement, further than that he had disappeared.

He had never seen Mrs. McNamara.

Annas & Co. is in fair financial circumstances, had a good salary, and an income from property left him by his father, the late superior of John D. Clapp, who was a law partner of Senator W. H. Robertson.

ATTACKED HIS FATHER.

Ira Dooner, an Ex-Convict, Makes a Brutal Attack on His Aged Parent.

Ira Dooner, who has spent twenty of his thirty-eight years in prison for various offenses and has just been discharged from Sing Sing, went to his father's home, 74 Charlton street.

When the latter refused to permit him to live there, he attacked the old man and threw a lighted match at him, which missed its mark.

At the police court this afternoon the convict was sent to the island for the summer.

THOUSANDS OF BALLOTS.

THIRD POPULAR VERDICT ON THE WORLD'S "L" SIGNS.

A New York Lady Names the Three Winning Numbers and Receives the \$10 Prize for the Week—Spirited Race for the Lead with a Field of Close Second—New Signs in Place.

RETTY, nearly buried under postal-card ballots was the clerk whose duty it is to wrestle with the sententious bits of billet-doux, carrying approval to the composers of the WORLD'S "L" signs.

There were just 4,537 ballots this week, with a number of scattering ones where voters insisted on giving their opinion on last week's signs.

The proper ballots covered the field from 331 to 510, and out of this lot 331 led for first place, 385 for second place and 509 for third choice, and it was just this combination which hit the fancy of Mrs. Spilborghs, of No. 1,791 Third avenue, and to her falls the \$10 prize this week. It is the first time that the entire composition of numbers has been hit. In the two preceding weeks the winner led with two of the numbers, but Mrs. Spilborghs hit the entire lot. Among the close winners were: R. Leopold, of Wythe avenue, Brooklyn; R. R. Brerly, of Hightstown, N. J.; C. M. Roper, of Roselle, N. J.; Fred Fulton, of Brooklyn; J. Van Valkenberg, of West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street; H. L. Allison, of Worcester, Mass.; A. J. Langman, St. Johnsville, N. Y.; J. Chilton, of Upper New York; G. A. Scott, of Brooklyn; E. E. Smith, of the Warburton (N. Y.) World Sign Guessing Club; J. F. O'Sullivan, of Jersey City; and Marguerite Miller, of Cranford, N. J.

The three winning inscriptions ran as follows:

First choice—331.

The new sign now through the eyes has gone with his papers along behind him. He's sure to be selling three World's to one of other signs when you find him.

Second choice—385.

"Broad based upon the people's will." The New York World has climbed the hill; and from its journalistic heights is now the citizens' daunt.

Third choice—509.

However great, however small, the number of the sign may be. You'll find the World's sign all over the place when you see it.

The other leading numbers had votes as follows:

No. 1st. 2nd. 3rd.

331 732 581 254

332 681 572 253

333 672 563 252

334 663 554 251

335 654 545 250

336 645 536 249

337 636 527 248

338 627 518 247

339 618 509 246

340 609 500 245

341 600 491 244

342 591 482 243

343 582 473 242

344 573 464 241

345 564 455 240

346 555 446 239

347 546 437 238

348 537 428 237

349 528 419 236

350 519 410 235

351 510 401 234

352 501 392 233

353 492 383 232

354 483 374 231

355 474 365 230

356 465 356 229

357 456 347 228

358 447 338 227

359 438 329 226

360 429 320 225

361 420 311 224

362 411 302 223

363 402 293 222

364 393 284 221

365 384 275 220

366 375 266 219

367 366 257 218

368 357 248 217

369 348 239 216

370 339 230 215

371 330 221 214

372 321 212 213

373 312 203 212

374 303 194 211

375 294 185 210

376 285 176 209

377 276 167 208

378 267 158 207

379 258 149 206

380 249 140 205

381 240 131 204

382 231 122 203

383 222 113 202

384 213 104 201

385 204 95 200

386 195 86 199

387 186 77 198

388 177 68 197

389 168 59 196

390 159 50 195

391 150 41 194

392 141 32 193

393 132 23 192

394 123 14 191

395 114 5 190

396 105 0 189